









TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
All communications for this paper should be sent to the editor, and not to the publisher. The publisher is not responsible for the contents of the paper. The editor is not responsible for the contents of the paper. The publisher is not responsible for the contents of the paper. The editor is not responsible for the contents of the paper.

BOARDINGHOUSE coffee is sometimes like the quality of mercy—it is not strained.

LABOR is sweet, and labor is noble especially when some other fellow is performing it.

THE wag who spends his days trading jokes at the expense of other people must expect some boot.

DEAN SWIFT said: "It is useless to attempt to argue a man out of a thing he has never reasoned into."

THE Siamese instruments of torture are made in England, and bear the trade mark of a prominent Birmingham firm.

Most trees have what are known as adventitious buds that are liable to break out in any place on the trunk or limbs of even the most aged barks.

DO NOT retail your troubles to your neighbor, for most likely he has more and worse troubles than you have, but has the good sense to keep still about them and bear them with resignation.

THERE may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place, scene, fellowship; there must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing beneficence.

THERE are many farmers who think that during the busy season reading must be abandoned. In this they err, for a short time each day spent in reading the timely views and experiences of others will often save much hard and fruitless labor.

THE greatest swarm of locusts ever known invaded South Africa in 1797. They were driven into the sea by a north wind, and the waves throwing them back, a bank of dead locusts from three to six feet thick was formed for fifty miles along the coast.

IMAGINATION and sympathy bring the most opposite people near together, whereas the narrow-minded, the cold, the conventional, the self-absorbed, the supercilious cannot brook the company of those whom they do not understand, or whom they are pleased to consider their inferiors.

ONE of the Gould family announces that in spite of prevalent rumors he is still heart and fancy free and not engaged to be married. With this definite announcement there is nothing to hinder New York contemporaries from beginning again to get him engaged and married in a variety of ways.

BROOKLYN is just now a good place to move from. Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe has examined the Brooklyn water supply and finds that it contains twenty-eight kinds of live animals and eighty-four species of vegetables. In the list are algae, diatoms, desmids, rhizopods, rotifers, and infusoria of many species. That's a pretty kettle of fish to set before a town like Brooklyn.

A PHYSICIAN advises that it is a good plan to ride up in an elevator, but to take the stairs for the descent. Walking up a flight of stairs is hard, and sometimes risky, as in the case of persons with weak lungs, defective respiratory organs or heart disease. But going down stairs hurts nobody, and is good exercise; going down rapidly is even a better thing, as it shakes up the anatomy without any danger of overexertion.

THERE is not one farmer in ten who receives the bulletins, reports, etc., from the experiment stations, who reads them. They are ruined for popular use by a wilderness of useless words and tables of figures that would require a professional mathematician to expound. Facts, tersely, clearly told, are eagerly looked for, but rarely found in these dry pamphlets. Reports prepared in an effective popular style would prove of deep interest to the farmer. The present method is worse than useless.

NO ONE has a right to trifle even with the slightest opportunity of being useful. Few can work out splendid achievements; but that individual who unobtrusively pursues his way, and feels a quiet joy in dropping an appropriate word of rational instruction, who judiciously expresses sympathy, or expresses his convictions in tones of virtuous persuasion, may do more in the course of his humble life than another who endows hospitals, patronizes popular institutions, and blazes out into sudden acts of brilliant munificence.

A PINAFORISH scandal of which history will never take cognizance has resumed vogue among gossips in England. The story goes that there was a mixing up of two children in the case of the persons of Lord Rosebery and the son of the young Lord's foster-mother, wife of a groom; that the real lord died some years ago, and that the false lord put a fine memorial over his playmate's grave. It is explained that the change of the boys was made by the ambitious mother of the groom's son, but that when she revealed her secret it was too late to effect a remedy. From the American point of

view about the best thing that can be said is that it Britain has any more of the Rosebery breed of stable boy she can't be too quick in trotting them out. Meanwhile the above tale will make a "true story" chapter for a penny dreadful.

THERE is nothing parsimonious about the British Government when it comes to a dicker for spy service. It seems that the notorious Le Caron had an agreement whereby his services were to yield him an annuity of five thousand dollars while he lived, with a life insurance of one hundred thousand dollars. The bargain is said to have been made by the London Times and accredited to English enterprise in journalism. It is more probable, however, as alleged by other newspapers, that the British Government footed the bill, and that the Times merely secured early information of the spy's disclosures.

THE danger to public health caused by the use of milk from cows afflicted with tuberculosis is no longer disputable. What is commonly called pulmonary consumption not only exists in cattle, but just now it seems to be strikingly prevalent. In some cases half a herd of milk cows have responded to the new test for the disease, and post-mortem examinations have attested the accuracy of the diagnosis. The danger is so alarming, particularly when it concerns the food of infants, that the utmost precaution is demanded. No germ life can withstand boiling temperature. Use not a drop of milk that has not been boiled.

THE introduction of electricity has doubtless very largely curtailed the demand for common horses, such as formerly were sold to the street-car companies, and they are consequently a drug in the market. Good horses for carriage work or teaming purposes have not shown much decline, and it is safe to predict that no adaptation of steam or electricity will ever destroy the love that man has for handling good horses. As the wealth of the nation increases, the ownership of horses becomes more general, and we see nothing to warrant a belief that good horses will not always prove fairly remunerative to breeders who carefully study the demands of the market.

DR. R. N. FOSTER, of Chicago, is an educated physician, and no doubt believes what he says when he unreservedly recommends whisky in the treatment of grip. The idea, however, will not be endorsed by a good many laymen, and it has a singular sound coming from a homeopath. Recent investigations have demonstrated that alcoholic stimulants are not absolutely necessary in any disease. It is certain, at all events, that other agents produce the same therapeutic effect without the resulting difficulties and dangers. Alcohol is a negative drug at best. It arrests the waste of the tissues, but it does not build up. Its use, like that of the opium preparations, is fraught with danger to the patient. It may relieve and soothe for a time, but it reacts with double force. It is a menace instead of a benefactor, a false friend in time of need. The day of whisky as a panacea and cure-all has gone by. Modern science has punctured its pretensions.

FARM NEWS: An old but discouraged farmer writes to ask "The exact meaning of 'business methods' which you newspaper writers are continually talking about." Perhaps getting out of the old rut is the nearest approach to developing business methods that a farmer can make. This is no easy task. The chains of habit are often stronger than a man's will, frequently mightier than principle, because so deceptive. One of the greatest aids will be to take several good agricultural papers. A stimulus to prompt action, the kindling of ambition for better work and the abandonment of cherished but mistaken ideas, will all follow as a result. Keeping watch of the markets in different parts of the country is essential, but not more so than to labor for your home market by raising something your neighbors neglect. Perhaps it is clear that your favorite crops and stock are not paying well, reduced cost of raising is then the only safe remedy since much enhanced values are not likely to be reached in the near future. If you cannot figure cost and lower it, be hooves you to figure on other kinds of farming, especially if it be a different line than pursued by other farmers near you who are likely to remain wedded to the good old ways of their fathers.

After the Honeymoon.



"You do admire my hair, George, don't you?" "Oh, rather! I say, what a grand fire escape it would make!"

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

#### Quaker Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

SAVILLIAN BEEBE, of Salem, Conn., made a big haul with his eel spear a few days ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Last July, among the people who journeyed at Essex, was a wealthy Cincinnati family. A young lady member of this family went out boat riding one evening and during the trip she lost a valuable gold bracelet from her arm. The bracelet was in the form of a gold chain that fastened with a hook. A few days ago Beebe, who usually makes about two eeling trips to the Connecticut River during the year, hitched up his horse and drove down. He worked all day like a beaver and succeeded in getting but one very small eel. He then ran his knife into the eel's throat and shoved it toward its tail. When about half way down the point of the knife struck something that refused to be cut. He slashed into the eel's middle. To his astonishment a long metal chain, as bright as if new, lay lengthwise of the stomach. He showed the chain to his wife. Mrs. Beebe took the thing and examined it. On the heel of the clasp the name of the young woman who lost the bracelet last summer was engraved. The circumstances of the lost bracelet were known to the people of Salem, and their breakfast Savilian hitched up his horse and headed Essex, where he delivered the bracelet to the people with whom the Cincinnati family boarded and received the \$20 reward.

JOHN CARROL, Jr., of Cincinnati, after four years of hard work, has completed an invention which he hopes will make him famous. Mr. Carrol conceived the idea that he could make a machine which could be propelled in the air. He is a mechanic of unusual ability. His model was completed and tried a few days ago, and it worked successfully. The machine, which is a neat piece of mechanism, weighs about forty pounds, and is made of sheet iron. It is capable of carrying about 250 pounds weight. Mr. Carrol tried the machine and worked it very easily, and rode through the air at a height of about fifty feet for quite a distance. He felt a bit bashful in attempting the trial in daylight, so he did it after nightfall. The inventor has an idea that with some alteration he can contrive a machine which will be capable of travelling at least eighty miles an hour, and that he will also be able to continue this rate of speed even against a strong wind. Some day, shortly, he intends to give a public exhibition of his new machine, and Cincinnatians will then be afforded the novel sight of seeing a man fly through the air like a bird. Mr. Carrol's machine is box-like in form, and is propelled by means of rotary shuttles.

STRANGE freaks are played by wind-blown sands in the New Mexico River valleys and mountain canons. In the canons one may see cliffs and natural stone pillars cut into fantastic forms by the natural sand blasts formed by the winds sucking up and down these narrow passages. In broad river valleys, the Rio Grande especially, great areas of sand hills are seen tossed up like giant waves of a sea. These shift their positions slowly, traveling in the direction of the prevailing winds, until they scatter on the plain or encounter some obstruction, such as a mountain side, against which they heap. Not only valuable lands but towns may be buried in this invading element. Thus along the Pecos River, at distances from twenty to forty miles below the town of Eddy, in southeastern New Mexico, there are five old deserted pueblos or villages built by ancient agricultural Indians which, it is estimated, once contained a population of from 10,000 to 15,000 people. Now the villages are nearly buried in sand blown from the hills that bound the valley. Vestiges of a canal to these towns have been discovered leading from a canon near by which once furnished water but is now filled with sand.

FRUSIA is conspicuously a music-loving and music-making country. As the inhabitants of its cities, however, for the most part live in flats, they are not allowed to play or sing in their own apartments, after 10 o'clock p. m., unless with the express consent of the persons residing immediately above or below them, whose innate right to enjoy unbroken rest "at night" they are bound to respect. Nor may they keep on their premises any furred or feathered animals addicted to the nocturnal utterance of sounds that "murder sleep," and give rise to irritation of temper. The conscientious dog, prompted by a sense of duty to bark all night long; the sentimental hound that gives vent to its tender feelings in a protracted series of melancholy howls; these and other varieties of the canine species, if notoriously voracious, have to be severely restrained from the precincts of a Prussian town house, or the local police will make a point of "knowing the reason why," and acting upon their knowledge with unflinching promptitude.

FIFTY years ago Almeron Higby, of Watson, N. Y., then nine years old, planted in his father's dooryard the stone of a cherry that he had eaten. A tree grew from the stone, and from the time the tree began to bear fruit it was known as the boy's tree. He sold the cherries the tree bore from year to year, and always put away the money that he received for them, even after he grew to manhood and was married and had children of his own. Last summer, his health being poor, and the cherry tree beginning to show signs of decay, Higby cut the tree down. He had the trunk sawed into boards, from which he made a coffin for himself. A short time ago he became seriously ill. He sent for an undertaker and had the coffin trimmed. He died and was buried a few days ago, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had received and saved from the sale of the cherries borne by the tree from which his coffin was made.

We find a somewhat remarkable advertisement in the columns of the Vossische Zeitung. It is as follows: "A very pretty little boy, aged 4 years and a half, who has had the misfortune to lose his dear mamma, wishes in this manner—as he seldom comes in contact with ladies—to find a new mamma, who, however, must also be capable, by tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, of affording a faithful companion for life for his papa. My papa," the advertisement goes on, "suddenly forsaking the ties of the third person, 'is an architect, who fills an important social position; therefore I am unfortunately obliged, besides delicacy of sentiment, to look out for some fortune, so that my papa may be content with my new mamma in every respect. I repulse all go-betweeners with all the energy I possess, and beg that communications may be made direct.'"

At Madras, some time ago, a valuable lion, having incautiously allowed its tail to stray into an adjoining cage, the tail was seized by an ill-disposed leopard, close to the lion's body, when the lion attempted to escape, almost the whole of the skin of his tail was stripped off. This was followed by such an amount of inflammation that the lion's life was in danger. Surgeon Major Miller, brother of the late Professor Miller, of Edinburgh; the surgeon to the Governor of Madras, volunteered to perform amputation. The lion was seized in his cage and his head covered with a cap containing a quantity of ether, and he was then dragged to the edge of the cage, where Dr. Miller cleverly performed his operation. The animal made a good recovery.

It is amazing to think that there are people in this country who have never seen a looking-glass, but it seems to be the case. Charles Patterson, a farmer living near Gallipolis, Ohio, has never had one in his house. He went to town the other day and bought one. That evening his ten-year-old son saw it for the first time in his life. When he saw his image there, it frightened him dreadfully. He thought it was a ghost, or some equally uncanny thing, and seizing a shotgun, fired at it, shattering the new mirror into a thousand fragments.

THE Mohave Indians of the far West have one curious superstition that is supposed to be of comparatively recent origin. They refuse to eat the flesh of the beaver, and declare that who so eats beaver's flesh will have swollen necks. An agent who has lived for some time among the Mohaves conjectures that some of the Indians must have eaten the flesh of beavers poisoned for their skins, and died with swollen necks. The memory had been handed down through the tribe, and no Mohave eats a beaver's flesh since that day.

A RICH foreigner settled in Versailles and built a very costly villa. Two years ago he made elaborate preparations for dying by his own hand whenever he decided that the moment had come. He built a vault, which could be hermetically sealed, in a corner of his garden, furnished with a reclining chair, two candelabra, and two pans, filled with charcoal, ready to light. He entered the vault frequently, but not until a week ago did he close the door and light the charcoal. He was found dead in the chair.

MRS. G. F. ROURON, wife of a West Newton, (Ind.) pioneer, was buried at that place recently. She was fifty-eight years of age, and was an exceedingly large woman, weighing 352 pounds. This necessitated a casket six feet long, twenty-eight inches wide and nineteen inches deep. A few weeks ago an attempt was made to rob a grave at West Newton, near the lot in which Mrs. Rouron was buried, and this led the relatives of Mrs. Rouron to have a ghoul-proof grave vault of iron made.

IN the window of a cigar store on Columbus avenue in New York is to be seen a freak of nature that attracts much attention. It is a goldfish that has no fin on its back. Otherwise it is perfectly developed, and seems to suffer no inconvenience from the absence of this part of the anatomy. There is said to be but one other such specimen in the country, and it is a stuffed one in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

MARY MARTIN, of Oakland, Cal., had a little lamb which followed her to school one day. Instead of making the children laugh and play, and having her as white as snow, the lamb butted the teacher over a stool, upset a quart of ink and rolled in it, and then jumped through a window and carried the sash along. Mary's folks ate lamb chops that evening and the teacher had three helps.

ONE of the patients in the Kankakee (Ill.) Insane Asylum has the delusion that he must not under any circumstances subsist on any other food than ostrich eggs. He refused to touch hen eggs or duck eggs, but he deluded him with the eggs of a goose, and he is perfectly happy. The doctors say that his whim having been gratified the chances for his recovery are increased.

"THE Instantaneous Cellar Digger," is what an ingenious Texan called a contrivance which he designed for use in case a cyclone came up suddenly. The first time he tried it he was blown thirty feet and landed in a creek. His cellar digger is probably still sailing through space.

A COMMON barn door hen at Further Barton, England, recently laid an egg measuring 4 1/2 by seven inches in circumference and weighing six ounces. On this egg being carefully broken a second perfect egg with a hard shell of ordinary size was found floating in the contents of the outer one.

MISS MARY MCGREEVEY, of Indianapolis, does not seem to share the supposed feminine desire for an elaborate wedding. She was married the other day to John Ferry, and the ceremony occupied 1-2 seconds by the watch.

A GRAY fox on a Westchester (Penn.) farm is on terms of friendship with a lot of young beagle dogs and frequently sleeps in the same pen with them.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Gretchen and Katchen, the two little maids, Wear pretty white caps over tight, flaxen braids; They're clad like twin sisters from kerchief to shoe, And both have round eyes of forget-me-not blue.

But Gretchen's in motion from morning till night; While Katchen won't move, even when she is bid, Because she's a dolly of china and kid.

Said Gretchen to Katchen, "We're left all alone; We'll just have a quiet good time of our own; You'll ride in your wagon to call on the cat; To take her some cherries, and have a long chat."

"In the vine-covered arbor the table we'll spread, And load it with cherries, all shining and red; I'll pick out the ripest from these on the shelf, For sleepy Frau Green-Eyes, and you, and myself."

"I'll do all the talking for you and for her, Since you're so poor Katchen, cannot ever purr, I never eat cherries, I thank you," says she, "And there'll be more for my Katchan and me!"

They went to Frau Green-Eyes, the sleepy old dame, And gave little Katchan a red back as she came, With never a spot on her kid slippers; But gray little Gretchen had purple-stained lips!

—St. Nicholas.

A Coming Humourist. Little Johnny (reading paper)—Here's a name, pa, that's a regular jaw-breaker.

Father—What is it? Little Johnny—Corbett, Judge.

The Two Little Men. There were two little men of ye golden hue, Of their manners so very proud, That each would try to be in grace, And each would "bead" and "bead" and so.

That finally, it was said, "Their signs of grace would speak the ground, And then each stood on his head!"

—St. Nicholas.

The New Baby. Visitor—What are you going to name the new baby? Fond Peter—We have not decided. This is the ninth edition you know.

Little girl—Don't you think you had better call him "Chestnuts?"

—Halo.

What was Solomon. After his mother had got through paddling him the boy, who had not then whimpered nor shed a tear during the ordeal, calmly remarked:

"Well, father was a wiser man than Solomon."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, sharply.

"I mean that Solomon had 700 wives," Judge.

Little Boy Blue. The little boy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And he'll be a good dog with rust, And he'll be a good dog with rust.

Time was when the little boy dog was new, And the soldier was passing fair, And he was the time when our little boy dog was new.

Ar, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

An Alphabet Party. A children's party that was given for the first time in this country was arranged by the wife of one of the Central American Ministers to the United States. This party was called the "alphabet party" and was given in honor of the Minister's second child. Madam explained its meaning.

Half the alphabet party is always an event in a child's life, and there is a gentle rivalry among friendly mothers as to the age at which their children are entitled to the right to the party.

As soon as a little boy or girl has mastered the alphabet thoroughly the party occurs to celebrate the

child's accomplishment. The table is decorated with pretty boxes and souvenirs for the little guests, which are always made at home. The little cakes have letters in frosting, or are made in the shape of A B Cs, and the alphabet figure in all sorts of devices. The little hero or heroine has to convince his guests that he is a master of the letters, and they comes the interesting event of the occasion. There is a little alphabet book out of which the tiny sennor or sennorita has learned the letters is shut up in the balloon or tied to it, and the balloon is then set a-flying, and if the alphabet is thoroughly mastered the balloon will bear the book far away, and that's the last the little son or daughter is supposed to need of it.

Reverence at a Discount. The resourceful newsboy is not a product of America alone. He is found in London as well as in New York, as the following story, told by a clergyman some years ago, attests.

A benevolent old gentleman, having observed for several nights in Trafalgar Square a youngster selling "evenings," who seemed particularly sharp and above the average in every way, conceived the idea of benefiting him, as he expressed it, putting him in the way of earning a living. One night, therefore, the boy was accosted with:

"I say, my boy, wouldn't you like to give up selling papers, and have a situation where you could be good and away from bad company?"

"How much a week?" promptly inquired the lad.

The old gentleman was taken aback at such a very practical question, and hardly knew what to answer.

"Well, I don't know; perhaps four or five shillings."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the lad; "that's good. Why I pay my mother fifteen bob a week now."

The old gentleman collapsed, and has given up trying to "paper" boys into situations.—Harper's Young People.

### NOVEL FIGHTING FORCE.

The Camel Corps, a Feature of the Egyptian Army.

During her occupancy of Egypt, Great Britain has improved the condition of the native troops until now they form a splendid fighting force. The native army, which numbers 13,000 men, is officered by Englishmen and the discipline is said to be as good as among the crack army of Europe.

In addition to these Great Britain maintains in the country a force of 3,000 of her own sons. One of the strange features of the Egyptian army is the camel corps which is maintained for duty in the desert, a place where horses could not long live.

Professional Jealousy. Malbran and Sontag, the two famous singers, were rivals, and once cast to sing in "Romeo and Juliet."

Sontag was a German, very sweet and gentle, but not so quick as Malbran, who was a Spaniard. The latter, who played Romeo, did her best to puzzle and torment poor Juliet at rehearsals, and when begged by her to say on what part of the stage she was going to fall in the last scene, always replied she really did not know, really could not tell, sometimes she died in one place, sometimes in another, just as it happened.

On the night of the performance, Sontag meekly prepared to follow Romeo, who maliciously insisted on dying close down to the footlights in front of the curtain. Juliet fell dead by his side, and the fair corpse had to be removed by two red-clad liveried footmen in good view of the audience.

AN Ohio woman sought divorce because her husband objected to building the morning fire. The Judge refused to grant it. Homes are too sacred to be placed by any hasty precedent in peril of general disintegration.

Gloves. Gloves were not known in England until near the close of the tenth century, and were then worn with a thumb and no fingers, like mittens. They were larger in every way than they needed to be, and wondrously embroidered and studded with jewels.

No gloves were finer than those of the clergy. They were mostly of white silk or linen, cunningly brocaded and sometimes fringed with pearls. One ecclesiastic had a red silk pair, with the sacred monogram worked on the back, surrounded with a golden glory; and later on they had gloves to match their different vestments. In fact gloves had departed from the primary idea of utility and become a decoration. They were too magnificent for common wear, and were frequently carried in the hand or worn on the girdle. It was by the fine gloves his page had in his girdle that Count de Lion was betrayed on his way home from the crusade and so fell into captivity.

But already the glove was more than a mere bit of foppery. The knight's mailed glove sheltered his hand; it became a sign of power; and when a gracious lord meant to signify his intention to protect a town he sent his glove as a sure sign of his willingness. The glove, too, was the token of defiance when one knight declared war against another; and to show his fealty to his mistress, he bound her brocaded glove to his helmet. Long gloves came in at the end of the seventeenth century. Nell Gwynne's gloves were a proverb for their beauty. All through this time gloves were prettily set off with lace, ribbons and fringe, although the fashion of the finer artistic embroidery of the middle ages was falling into disuse. The bare hand was deemed an offense, and the costliness of gloves defined their wearers' social position.

"BLYKINS is a very well-informed man." "I used to think so." "What has happened to shake your faith?" "Well, you see, he has qualified as a juror in a capital case."—Washington Star.

## FIRING A 13-INCH GUN.

The Monster Easily Handled by Aid of Water Power.

The great gun is mounted on a forged steel carriage, on the top of which there are slides which receive the saddle to which the gun is strapped, with "big steel hoops, the Washington Post explains. At the side of the carriage there is a cylinder that connects with the gun saddle, and when the little lever connecting with the steam pump is thrown over the water is forced into this and the piston runs out, carrying the gun forward on the slides. When the shock of the recoil comes the gun is thrown back to the rear of the slides, in position for loading. To check the recoil and keep the piece from jumping overboard there is another cylinder closed at both ends and filled with a mixture of glycerine and water. There is a piston fitting tightly in this, but allowed to move backward and forward by riding on the inside of the cylinder through which narrow channels the water and glycerine have to run as the piston moves.

This riding is like the sticks of a fan, wider at the front than at the back, so that when the first shock of the recoil comes and the gun starts to force the piston back, the water has a tolerably free passage, but as it recedes the piston is gradually checked by the cushion of glycerine which it has to force through the narrow part of the riding, and the great shock of the recoil is taken up as gently as though it ran against forty cartloads of feathers.

Under the gun there is another piston that raises and lowers the muzzle of the piece. But the most interesting thing about the gun is the ammunition elevator that carries the piece. The immense steel projectiles are a load for four or five men, and there is 150 pounds of powder to a charge, so that passing it up from the hold by hand is out of the question. At the breech of the gun there is a regular small freight elevator, with three cars of three horizontal tubes laid one above the other. In the first tube is the steel projectile, and in the second, and third the powder charges. As this elevator comes up past the breech, the telescopic rammer, which is a series of hydraulic cylinders fitting into each other, slides gently out and pokes the shell of the powder cartridges one after the other into the gun.

The horizontal movement of the gun is given by the rotating turret in which it is placed, and all the sighting is done over a slender steel rod in the conning tower, on the top of the turret, the rod's position always corresponding to that of the gun.

PERPLEXING TO THE SPEAKER. Two Ohio State Legislators Who Closely Resemble Each Other.

Two of the jolliest members of the Ohio House of Representatives, says an exchange, are Messrs. Breck and Ganyard, whose Dromio-like resemblance to each other has earned for them the name of "the legislative twins." The only apparent difference between the two men is that Mr. Ganyard has slightly the longer

beard, but this distinction was so fine that for some time after they made their appearance in the House the Speaker and the reporters had some difficulty in telling which was which. Both are farmers, Calvin S. Ganyard being from Medina County, Joseph H. Breck hailing from Cuyahoga.

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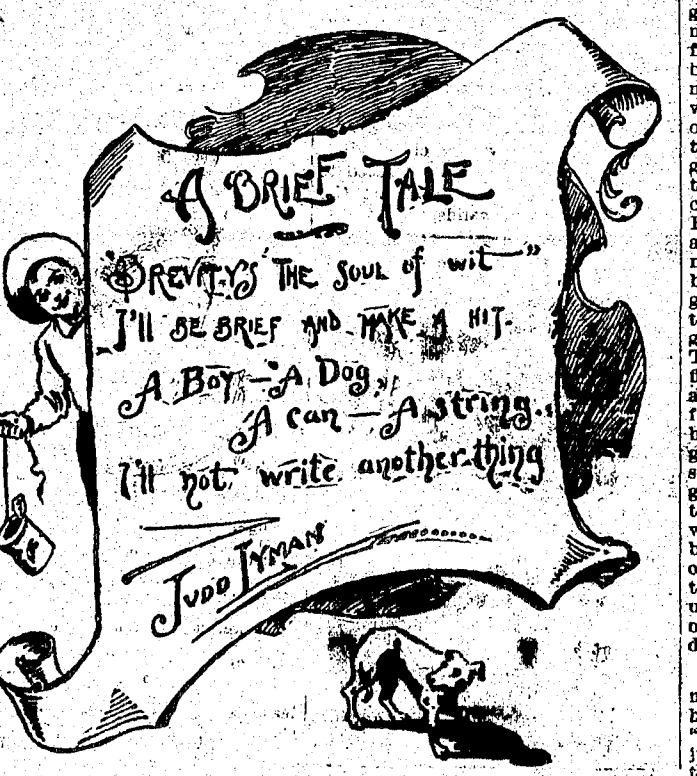
"BLYKINS is a very well-informed man." "I used to think so." "What has happened to shake your faith?" "Well, you see, he has qualified as a juror in a capital case."—Washington Star.



BELONGING TO THE CAMEL CORPS.



LEGISLATIVE TWINS.





# The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

## POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Our State was startled Tuesday morning by the announcement of the death of our senior Senator, Francis B. Stockbridge. His has been a life that might well be emulated by the young. Pre-eminently a self-made man, and one whose name has ever been synonymous with honor and integrity, whether in social, business or political life. He has amassed wealth without wrong, has gained position without fraud, and has ever been an earnest champion of whatever he believed to be right. He was a servant of the people, and believed in work, being constant in his attendance in the Senate, unless kept away by sickness. His influence was great, and many depended on his wise counsel. While not a Webster or Demosthenes, he was better, a thorough gentleman. His loss to Michigan can hardly be estimated, while to those of us who counted him as a personal friend his death comes with great force, and all will sincerely mourn with his stricken family.

There is no mistaking the fact that the republicans of Indiana have enlisted again under the old flag.

The adoption of the Reed rules by the democrats of Congress may compel Buck Kilgore to put on his old boots.

The democratic party never talks through its hat, but through its ears. Mules don't wear hats.—*Toledo Blade.*

Ohio has lined up with many other of her sister commonwealths and declared that women shall vote at local school elections.

The civil service law is being constantly violated, says Senator Gallinger. What else can be expected with the democrats in power.

"What is Coxeism?" asks the *Herald*. Coxeism is one of the natural results of fourteen months of democratic administration.—*Inter Ocean.*

On March 4th next, John Sherman will have completed forty year's service in Congress. He should write a book on "Forty Years in the Capitol." It would knock out Benton's "Thirty Years' View."—*Toledo Blade.*

Notwithstanding free trade hostility to the manufacture of tinplate in this country, the production the past three months was a slight increase over the production of the previous three months.

The democrats have one advantage when they get into a perfectly helpless position, as Congress was. They can drop back upon good republican rules and lift themselves out of the muddle. *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Illinois went democratic by 27,000 in 1892, but the result of the municipal elections in the State last week show that it would go republican by from 25,000 to 50,000 now, if there was a canvass.

Cleveland is reported to be humming the following snatch of glorious song as he labors at his big desk: "Twixt Hill and 'hell' there's but a letter; Were Hill in hell we'd all feel better!"

An Eastern cuckoo organ says: "Senator Hill has fallen out of the democratic procession." That really seems to be the only business in the country that has any boom; men out of work have lots of time to think.

The cuckoo Chicago Herald pictures Speaker Crisp "wearing Reed's crown," and pathetically asks, "Has it come to this? Poor old democracy, it will be wearing any kind of cast-off clothing by next year, and glad to get it."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Alcona County Review is booming Judge Kelley, of Alpena, to succeed Weadock as member of Congress. The Judge is an old veteran and would make a representative and not a misrepresentative like the present nought.

The New York Sun doesn't miss the mark when it charges up to Cleveland and the democratic party responsibility for "the socialistic move" now made upon Washington. No one would have ever dreamed of such uprising had the republican party been in power. Busy people have no time for such nonsense.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

In 1896, the only doubtful states in the country will be in what has been called the solid South. The rest of the country, including New Jersey, will go republican, and three or four of the ex-slave States are extremely likely to declare for the republicans also.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## Good Old Democratic Days.

These good old Democratic days, When every prospect pleases, And happy indignation rises From the course of true ring brains. These times, When times As big as ever have been meeting Out of reach and Like some bright star Instantly soaring. These good old Democratic days, Yes, speak in pride their glory And tell how want and sorrow praise The bright and cheering story. And ye That be The power that these are blending Just ask again Our halloes when Your terms of rule are ending! AREE PUBLICAN. Detroit, April 28.

The indications are that there will be fewer licensed saloons in Cheboygan this coming year than there were last year.—*Cheboygan Tribune.*

Coxey acknowledges that he was once a democrat, but hastens to add that he left the party before it reached its present useless and obnoxious condition.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The McKanesites were badly beaten at the election in Gravesend, N. Y., last week. So many of McKane's followers accompanied him to jail and from there to the penitentiary that they were completely disgruntled. The penitentiaries in that state are the only localities, reported lately, in which the democratic vote is said to be increasing.

In 1893, Grover Cleveland carried New York by 192,000 plurality, carrying all the counties of the State but seven. At the last election, Democrats lost every county in the State except five; and in all cities in the State outside of New York city, thirty-four in number, they carried just four.

The Supreme Court of South Carolina has declared the infamous liquor dispensary law unconstitutional. This is another blow at populism and anarchism. The sale of liquor, ownership of railroads, telegraphs, etc., by either the State or United States government has received a set-back that it will not recover from for some time.

## Jury List.

The following is the list of jurors drawn for the May term of court, which convenes next week:

Joseph M. Funch, Ball township; Charles Waldron, South Branch; L. C. Huxley, Blaine; Julius Perry, Sr., Beaver Creek; Wm. H. Sherman, Maple Forest; Conrad Wehnes, Grove; Alfred H. Wisner, Center Plains; John Williams, Grayling; John Haggerty, Frederic; James H. Williams, Ball; Henry Funch, South Branch; George Fauble, Sr., Blaine; Oalister Clapp, Beaver Creek; Philatus Hoyt, Maple Forest; George Kneth, Grove; R. W. Wilcox, Center Plains; Charles Anderson, Grayling; Elijah Flagg, Frederic; Geo. L. Funch, Ball; E. T. Waldron, South Branch; Myron Dyer, Blaine; Homer G. Benedict, Beaver Creek; Edward Wilkinson, Maple Forest; David Ryckman, Grove.

## Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

## Song of Coxy's Brigade.

We're marching on to Washington, Our ragged coats we jerk; We're howlin' through the country, But

We Don't Want Work!

We're walkin' through the farmyards Where the fat chickens lurk; We're feastin' on the country, But

We Don't Want Work!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## St. Nicholas for May.

The May St. NICHOLAS comes with a blooming frontpiece to remind its readers of the present, and then plunges them into the past by beginning with Molly Elliott Seawell's patriotic serial, "Decatur and Somers." Here is an ideal way to absorb history! Excellent! told is the story of the boyish commanders who set so high a standard for the American far. The whole story is salt of the sea, and the fluttering of "Old Glory" can be heard in the fresh breezy style.

Mr. Hornady continues the series of Natural History papers, describing "A Few of our Fur-Bearers." Small girls may learn here who first wore their fur gloves and tippets. As to the Brownies, they visit New York State and make strenuous efforts to exhaust its principal features in a single night.

Howard Pyle, than whom none knows better how to write a strong story for young people or older ones—continues "Jack Ballister's Fortune" by sending his hero to America as a redemptioner, or bound servant.

## THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

OF CRAWFORD CO., MICH.

SPECIAL SESSION, APRIL 1894.

Special session of the Board of Supervisors commenced and held at the Court House in Grayling on Wednesday, the 18th day of April, A. D. 1894.

GRAYLING, April 10, 1894. We, the undersigned Supervisors of Crawford county, do hereby request you to call a special session of the Board of Supervisors of the County of Crawford, on Wednesday, the 18th day of April, A. D. 1894, for the purpose of organizing the said Board and to transact such other business as may come before the Board.

F. P. RICHARDSON, Supervisor of Center Plains, JOHN LEECE, Supervisor of Grayling, J. E. ANNIS, Supervisor of Beaver Creek.

On motion of Supervisor Neiderer, Supervisor Leece was elected temporary Chairman.

Supervisor Hickey moved that the Board proceed by an informal ballot to the election of a Chairman. Motion carried.

Moved by Sup. F. P. Richardson that Supervisors John Higgins and Ira Richardson act as tellers. Motion carried.

F. P. Richardson received 5 and Ira Richardson received 4.

On motion of Supervisor Hickey, the informal ballot was declared formal and F. P. Richardson declared elected Chairman.

Moved by Sup. Hickey to adjourn till to-morrow at 8 a. m. sharp. Motion carried.

J. W. HARTWICK, CLERK.

F. P. RICHARDSON, Chairman.

APRIL 19th, 1894.

Roll call and full Board present. Supervisor F. P. Richardson in the Chair.

Moved by Sup. Hickey that the minutes of yesterday in regard to the election of Chairman be changed from 7 to 2 to 5 to 4. Motion carried.

Minutes of last meeting approved as corrected.

Committee appointed by Chairman: RULES—Higgins, Francis, & Neiderer. PHINING—Hickey, Hoyt, Richardson. EQUALIZATION—Hickey, Richardson, and Hoyt. CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS—Hoyt, Higgins and Hickey. FINANCE AND SETTLEMENT—Leece, Richardson and Francis. APPOINTMENT—Annis, Neiderer and Higgins. WAYS AND MEANS—Leece, Francis, and Hickey. ROADS AND BRIDGES—Francis, Neiderer and Annis. COUNTY BUILDINGS—Richardson, Leece and Hoyt. COUNTY POOR—Francis, Neiderer and Annis. OFFICERS' SALARIES—Hoyt, Richardson and Leece.

On motion of Supervisor Hickey, a recess of ten minutes was taken to give the Committee on Rules time to report.

Board called to order; full Board present.

GRAYLING, April 19, 1894.

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors of Crawford County:

Gentlemen! Your Committee on Rules would respectfully submit the following as their report: We recommend that Tibbitt's Manual be adopted as guide for all parliamentary rules of the Board of Supervisors for the present year. We further recommend that the Board convene prompt at the hour set forth in the adjournment.

(Signed) JOHN J. HIGGINS, P. M. HOYT, Com. JOHN J. NIEDERER.

On motion of Sup. Hickey, the report of the Committee on Rules was accepted and adopted.

Moved by Sup. Leece that the Board take a recess of 30 minutes to give the Committee on County Printing time to work. Yeas and Nays called. Messrs. Hickey, Higgins, Hoyt, Leece and F. P. Richardson, voting Yeas. Messrs. Annis, Neiderer, Francis and I. H. Richardson, voting Nays. Motion carried.

Moved by Sup. Annis to adjourn till one p. m., to give the Committee time to work. Yeas and Nays called. Messrs. Annis, Francis, Neiderer and Ira H. Richardson, voting Yeas. Messrs. Hickey, Leece, Higgins, Hoyt and F. P. Richardson, voting Nays. Motion lost.

Thirty minutes up and Board called to order.

Moved by Sup. Neiderer, that the report of Inspectors of Jail be laid on the table till 2 p. m. Motion carried.

Moved by Sup. Neiderer to adjourn till 1 p. m. Yeas and Nays called. Hickey, Leece, Higgins, Francis, Hoyt, Neiderer and F. P. Richardson voting Yeas. Messrs. Annis and Ira Richardson voting Nays. Motion carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION APRIL 19th, 1894.

Roll called and full Board present.

Sup. F. P. Richardson in the Chair.

Moved by Sup. Neiderer that the bills read be placed in the hands of the Committee on Claims and Accounts. Motion carried.

Moved by Sup. Neiderer, to lay the report of the Committee on County Printing on the table, till to-morrow at 8 a. m. Motion carried.

Moved by Sup. Neiderer to take the report of the Jail Inspectors from the table for consideration. Motion carried.

(To be Continued.)

## The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

You take your home paper! of course you do, but it is a mistake not to read "The Great Daily of Michigan," the leader in every branch of news, as well as thought and literary merit. If you find any or all other State papers profitable, yet THE NEWS should and will find a place in your hands and your families. Tens of thousands of other citizens of this Great State have found its worth.

2 CENTS PER COPY.  
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Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

## Report of County Treasurer, for Quarter ending Mar. 31, '94.

To the Hon. Chairman and Board of Supervisors of Crawford County:

Gentlemen! We, the undersigned, would respectfully submit the following quarterly report of the County Treasurer, for the quarter ending March 31st, 1894:

(Signed) JOHN HANNA, WRIGHT HAVENS, J. W. HARTWICK.

Dated at Grayling, this 18th day of April, A. D. 1894.

## COUNTY TREASURER'S GENERAL ACCOUNT TO APRIL 1st, 1894.

To amt. col. for State, \$ 2841 93  
" rec'd on Jackson acct. 410 88  
" County tax collected, 11355 82  
" township tax collect'd, 1189 09  
" Library fd collected, 50 00  
" Institute fd collected, 1 00  
15847 32

By balance, 134 60  
" amt. paid State, 8140 79  
" amt. Poor Orders paid, 203 15  
" amt. Contingent orders p'd, 2433 36  
" amt. paid towns, 2703 92  
" balance, 7231 80  
15847 32

## CONTINGENT FUND.

To amt. col. Jackson acct., 410 88  
" amt. Tp. tax collected, 11355 82  
" County tax collected, 1189 09  
" balance, 61 55  
13015 94

By amt. County orders paid, 2433 92  
" amt. paid towns, 2703 92  
" amt. appropriated poor fund, 500 00  
" amt. due towns, 1189 09  
" amt. due Fund, 277 55  
" amt. funds over paid, 134 60  
" error October balance, 12 56  
" balance, 5765 26  
13015 94

## POOR FUND.

To balance, 158 27  
" Orders paid, 203 15  
" balance, 138 58  
590 00

By amt. appropriated, 500 00  
590 00

## LIBRARY FUND.

To balance, 122 00  
" balance, 122 00  
244 00

By balance, 72 00  
" fees, 50 00  
122 00

## INSTITUTE FUND.

To balance, 17 00  
" balance, 17 00  
34 00

## STATE ACCOUNT.

To amount paid, 3140 79  
" balance, 368 21  
3509 00

By statement Dec. 31st, 1893, 3509 00  
3509 00

## GRAYLING.

To amt. paid Tp. Treasurer, 1516 21  
" January balance, 357 62  
" balance, 2312 95  
4185 76

By Jackson account, 3745 66  
By quarterly collection, 440 10  
4185 76

## BEAVER CREEK.

To January balance, 111 93  
" balance, 111 93  
223 86

By Jackson account, 51 56  
" quarterly collection, 21 22  
" balance, 38 45  
111 93

## MAPLE FOREST.

To amt. paid T. T., 435 48  
" balance, 536 91  
972 39

By January balance, 125 48  
" Jackson settlement, 588 45  
" quarterly collection, 248 46  
972 39

## FREDERIC.

To amt. paid T. T., 588 81  
" balance, 1082 17  
1671 98

By January bal., 138 81  
" Jackson settlement, 883 16  
" quarterly collection, 60 20  
1671 98

## CENTER PLAINS.

To January balance, 34 67  
" Jackson settlement, 118 13  
152 80

\$65.

SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS and Fifty-Nine Cents is what it will cost you to PAINT a House whose external surface measures Twenty-five Hundred Square Feet. Of course, a larger will take more paint and a smaller one less, but the price ranges accordingly. In order to obtain this remarkable result, you will have to buy your paint at

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE.

\$65.

## UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



## AT BRADEN & FORBE'S FURNITURE ROOMS!

WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASES and BURIAL CASES, Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpse.

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Successor to LARABEE,] —DEALER IN—

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Etc.

## CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Also a full line of Stationery, School Tablets, &c., &c.

## BURNT OUT, BUT STILL IN THE RING!!

GENTS, now is your time to GET YOUR SPRING & SUMMER SUITINGS!

I have a full line of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS

Which I am making up in the best style. I employ First Class hands, and therefore do first-class work. I do not rush my work, but take time to do it, so as to satisfy my customers.

The citizens of Grayling and vicinity, are requested to call at my rooms in the rear of the EXCHANGE BANK, and examine my Stock.

Grayling, Mich. JULIUS KRAMER.

## THE AMERICAN STANDARD CORN or BEAN PLANTER.

—PRICE \$3.00.—

A HIGH GRADE IMPLEMENT and the ONLY PLANTER CONTAINING AN ADJUSTABLE METALLIC DROPPING DISC.

It is constructed upon a new and thoroughly practical principle, is made for service, and cannot fail to satisfy any one desiring a superior and first class CORN or BEAN PLANTER. By the use of the adjustable metallic disc, a new improved method is formed in the dropping mechanism, WHICH IS A DECIDED ADVANCE over all OTHER PLANTERS.

The new improved combination produces substantially a force feed; the disc is quickly adjusted for heavy or light seeding, and the corn is separated with perfect uniformity. They are neat, well finished and symmetrical in their proportion. These planters are meeting with universal approval, and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM CLAIM THEY HAVE NO COMPETITOR. Every PLANTER is guaranteed to give SATISFACTION. Call and see them.

Grayling, Michigan. O. PALMER.

## AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

Grayling, Michigan, April 18, '94.

I shall carry this year a larger stock of Wagons, Carriages, Plows, Harrows, Drills, Reapers, Mowers, Cultivators, Planters, &c., than was ever before shown in Northern Michigan, and can make prices to suit the times. I believe I know the needs of this section and am prepared to supply them. Call and examine the most improved implements on the market.

O. PALMER.







# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRATINGS, MICHIGAN.

## THEY DRIVE OUT MEN

ADVANCEMENT MADE BY THE DAUGHTERS OF PARIS.

Women Taking Their Places in Walks of Life. Where the former sex Elberta had a monopoly, as doctors, financiers and lawyers.

Women in New Roles.

Paris is never weary of making fun of the "advanced daughters." They have got the phrase in London now, and while they apply it somewhat differently, the general meaning is the same. Women are gradually taking rank in professions and in business into which it was once supposed that they could never enter. The old conservative classes in France, especially, profess to regret this, and say that it will end in the destruction of the home. But the 17,000,000 of women in France have long done, in their own sphere, and in many spheres to which only man is admitted in other countries, as much work



THE LAWYERS.

as the men. To this, according to the New York Journal, is due the fact that France is today the richest country in Europe.

Women are bookkeepers and shopkeepers throughout France. They receive money and disburse it in post-offices and country banks; they literally share the toll of their mates. In the cafe, the barber's shop, the grocery store, even at the wine counter, their presence lends refinement and charm. Then why should they not be conspicuous in the public professions for which the new and higher education has fitted them? France has long allowed women students in its medical schools. Why, then, should not the lady doctor be prominent in Paris? Here she is, as a Parisian artist imagines her—the pretty and interesting doctress of the near future. Here she is engaged in an affair of the heart which concerns the patient much more than it does her. One can imagine her giving the



THE FINANCIER.

poor fellow her verdict and his medicine, and then gracefully adjusting her soft hat on her tresses and calling her carriage to proceed on her daily round of visits. Paris laughs at the idea, but does it dare to say that it will not come?

At the Bar and in the Senate.

And here is the "lawyress," clad in the traditional cap and flowing gown of the French barrister. She looks not unlike Portia, but the client listening to her has nothing Venetian in his appearance. What would there be incongruous in the apparition of one of these charming lawyeresses in the great hall of the last sessions where advocates come to consult with their clients in the Palais de Justice? A woman deputy



THE DOCTRESS.

has long been thought a possibility in Paris. This is because women have interests to protect; they have helped to create the wealth and ought to have the privilege of voting as to its disposition. Women representing women constituents and faithfully fighting for their rights would seem quite natural after a while, and it would teach the French masculine deputies to be a trifle more choice in their language when they get angry. Alphonse Daudet may some day write a novel with a lady deputy in it. He would know how to make her very charming. And then the "woman of affairs,"

the "financieress." This is how the French artists think she would look. But why should woman sacrifice the special air and peculiar garb which so enhances her beauty, simply because she goes into medicine, law, politics or business? Did not the ancients do all these things passing will when they were robes? Strange it is, but this French mind can conceive of the "advanced daughters" only as clad in trousers, or short skirts, or fantastic zouave costumes.

## BURGULARS' TOOLS.

They Are Generally Made by Mechanics Who Are Respectable.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and, of course, naturally wonder where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slungshot, or a jimmy, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?

There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are respectable men in the community.

When a burglar wants any particular tool made, he goes to a mechanic who can do the job and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping still about it. Supt. Elbridge, of the Police Department, recalls many cases of this kind that have come to light in Boston. One in particular occurred three years ago, when an escaped convict, named Williams, went to a blacksmith in Roxbury and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally supervised the tempering of the steel, and when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put, and escaped punishment. In the opinion of Supt. Elbridge most of the tools used by burglars are secured in this way. The only regular establishment where they were made ever discovered in Boston was at the West End. This was years ago, and the place was soon broken up.—Boston Globe.

## A Grave Matter.

A couple of gentlemen were strolling through a cemetery, when one drew his companion's attention to a stone on which was inscribed, "Little Johnnie, aged 3."

"You may hardly credit it," was the remark, "but Master Johnnie, before his demise, did me slap out of a year, not to speak of a caroming wife."

"How in earth could a child of 3 manage that," asked the other.

"In this fashion: As you are aware, I am quite bald, and year for a partance sake, wig. One hot day, being alone with the youngster, I took the thing off and gave it to him to play with for a few minutes. Well, I had proposed to and been accepted by the child's mother's sister—a splendid girl, possessed of property bringing about \$800 a year. We were just on the eve of getting married. One day my affianced was carrying Johnnie, and the little chap suddenly began to howl for no apparent reason. He could not, of course, give utterance respecting the cause of his grief, but made signs that he wished me to hold him. When I took the child in my arms the imp instantly grabbed at my wig and pulled it off. Then my beloved perceived that the luxuriant chestnut curls which she had so often admired were not any more, and she nearly fainted. Next morning I received a note stating that she could never marry a man with a head as bare as a billiard ball. I heard subsequently of dear little Johnnie's decease. I didn't venture to use my handkerchief, I assure you."

## Compensation.

It is said that Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly loyal to his profession and was apt to take offense at any slight, whether or not it was intended. On one occasion, he was engaged for the sum of sixty pounds to sing at the house of a rich financier.

Roger sang his first song magnificently, but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests talked their longest.

Presently, the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Rogers. He could not be found, and that evening was seen, no more. Next day a note came from him, accompanied by the sum of eighty pounds. The note ran thus: "I have the honor to return the sixty pounds which I received for singing at your party; and I beg leave to add twenty pounds more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

## Great Word.

The celebrated German word which signified "Mutual Life and Fire Insurance Company," and which has been cited as the longest word in any language, apparently has a rival in another word, which is found in a German periodical.

Schornsteinfegermeisterberufsgenossenschaft.

Though this is a single word in German, several words are required to express it in English. It means, as nearly as anything else, "The professional association of master chimney sweeps."

An English word of respectable dimensions can be produced simply by running all these words into one, without space or hyphen.

Now comes the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York and allows that a corset is as big a curse to woman as rum is to man. They both frequently make their victims very tight.—Boston Herald.

## Judging.

from the good will the French are showing the Czar, Alexander of Russia could have a howling old time, he able to spend a night in Paris.

## CALIFORNIA HARVEST SCENE.

A Machine That Cuts, Thrushes, and Sacks the Grain.

The accompanying illustration shows a scene on a large California wheat ranch in harvest time. Many men not so very old can easily remember when the best known manner of harvesting wheat anywhere in the world was by means of the "cradle" swung from right to left by one man, who thus cut the grain and laid it in a continuous swath, whence it was raked up and bound in sheaves by the man who followed close behind the cradler with a wooden-toothed hand rake. Two men thus equipped could cut and bind from two to five acres in one day, but to keep up the work for a week or two in succession with an average of three acres per day was called a good record. To be sure, the "cradle" was a valuable piece of the old-time, and it was which had been used in the harvest for thousands of years, but to the wheat farmers of today both are as antiquated as the ark of Noah.

The machine here shown is the latest triumph in harvesting machinery known to the harvest fields of California. It is a marvel of power and efficiency and will no doubt long remain at or very near the head of the list. The great traction engine which moves the whole weighs twelve tons. It moves at a speed of three and a half miles per hour, cuts a swath twenty-five feet wide, and harvests a hundred acres per day. It not only cuts the grain, but thrushes it, sacks it and piles it in heaps of nine sacks each. Only eight men are required to do all this, and they work under the shade of an awning. The



CALIFORNIA HARVEST SCENE.

cost of such a train of ponderous harvest machinery is \$6,000; and it is cheaper, in proportion to its capabilities, than was the old-fashioned cradle at \$5. To do the same amount of work by animal power would require at least fifty horses and also a great many more men. It will thus be seen that although the first cost of such a harvesting machine is greater, it is after all, the least expensive appliance that exists for harvesting large areas.

To show the absolute necessity of such machinery in these days of enormous production of cereals, we have only to cite the fact that the farmers of the United States harvested last year 34,623,418 acres of wheat. Of this immense acreage 8,320,400 acres were harvested in California, 2,788,092 in Kansas, 2,683,904 in Ohio, 2,523,362 in Indiana, 1,348,462 in Illinois, 3,197,363 in Minnesota, 2,414,281 in South Dakota and 2,753,980 in North Dakota. The entire wheat crop of the United States in 1893 was 396,131,725 bushels.

## THE ANCIENT DINNER TABLE.

Why Its Ceremonies Were Rigidly Observed.

In studying the service of the ancient dinner table, the amount of ceremony which invested the meals of our forefathers is one of the first things which strikes us—a peculiarity, however, which is easily accounted for when we recollect that, during the middle ages, men separated from one another in rank so widely as were the feudal baron and his retainers were accustomed to eat together in common, a practice which could scarcely fail to have resulted in the growth of an elaborate system of etiquette, says the Quarterly Review.

The ancient fashion of arranging the tables for a meal is still preserved in college halls, where the "high table" stands transversely on a raised platform at the upper end of the room. It was the further side of this "table of dais" which at a feudal feast was alone occupied, the master of the house and his chief guests thus emphatically dining in public before his vassals. Everything pertaining to the service of this table was conducted with a ritual of almost sacerdotal minuteness. At a time when from the crown vassal to the petty baron, a man's safety and consequence depended on the number of followers he could muster, the greater part of the revenue of an estate was spent in the support of retainers and hangers-on, and there being thus no lack of service, the various duties of a household were much subdivided.

The modern term, "butler's pantry," marks the coalescence of two offices formerly distinct, when the butler or "boteler" presided over the buttery, or "botelerie," and the "panier," or "pantry," over the pantry or bread closet. The duties of carver and cupbearer were held to be very honorable ones, and could be discharged by men of high rank, and great establishments, but the butler, the porter and the officers of all the several household departments had each his own contingent of grooms and yeomen.

## LOST AND FOUND.

A Little Story About a Pocketbook That Was Told in the Cars.

"On the cars the other day," said a traveler to a New York Sun man, "I heard a little story about a lost pocketbook."

"I am going to Europe," said one of two young men who were sitting together, "going to start Saturday."

"I hope you won't lose your pocketbook," as Bonty did," said the other, and then he went on to tell how Bonty had lost his pocketbook.

for the sailing time, and the steamer sailed promptly, as steamers nowadays do, and Bonty didn't discover his loss until the steamer was out at sea. He had expected to sit around comfortably in a steamer chair and to enjoy perfect rest. In fact he had set great store on this happy beginning of his vacation; but now he had lost his pocketbook, and instead of the calm enjoyment which he had anticipated, he had ahead of him a week of comparative discomfort. To be sure, he could cable when he got to the other side and wait and all that, but he had lost his money and it wasn't a pleasant prospect.

"But among those who went down to see friends off by the same steamer that Bonty sailed on was a man who, after waving his handkerchief at the steamer, until it was out in the stream, saw upon the pier, as he turned to go, a pocketbook—Bonty's pocketbook, of course. He found Bonty's name in it, but not his address. There was, in it, however, the address of a young lady who lived in Forty-fourth street, with whom Bonty had a slight acquaintance. The finder of the pocketbook went straight to the young lady. She didn't know Bonty's address, but fortunately she brought to mind a gentleman in Philadelphia who did know it. Then the finder of the pocketbook telegraphed the Philadelphia friend, and the Philadelphia friend telegraphed Bonty at Queenstown, and he gave the finder the address of Bonty's friends in New York.

"The result of all this was that when the tender came alongside the steamer at Queenstown, Bonty, instead of sending the message which



CALIFORNIA HARVEST SCENE.

he had prepared, received a dispatch saying that his lost pocketbook was found and giving the address to which it had been sent in London.

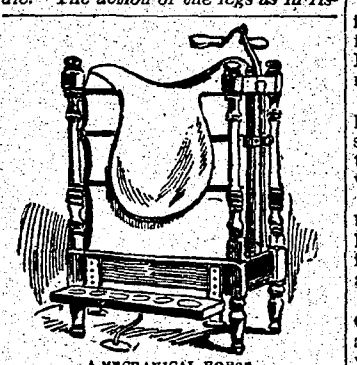
"This was a very simple little story, you know, but it seemed to interest the passengers who heard it, and everybody was glad that Bonty had recovered his pocketbook."

## HORSEMANSHIP IN THE PARLOR.

This Horse Isn't Alone, but He Can Canter and Gallop.

A remarkable invention to enable people to get a good imitation of horseback riding in their own homes is displayed in London, according to the Westminster Budget. It is called the "Hercules horse-action saddle." It consists of a series of four platforms, one above the other. Each has several helical springs, which are adjusted according to their positions for best taking up the strain they will respectively have to sustain from the changing movement of the rider. On the top of all is a saddle secured to a steel spindle. The ends of the spindle are carried through two vertical slots, in which they are free to move up and down.

All the mechanical apparatus is inclosed within a mahogany frame, which looks like a small dinner wagon, about thirty inches in length and breadth, and about four feet high. On each side of the frame is a foot-board, and in front is an iron handle, something like that of a cycle, but fixed. The "horse" may be mounted by placing one foot on the footboard and throwing the other over the saddle. The action of the legs as in riding is simulated by the springs.



A MECHANICAL HORSE.

ing in the stirrup releases the pressure on the spring, and the saddle moves up and down as on a living horse. By gripping the knees tightly to the saddle or by the motion of the arms on the handle, the action of a horse, from a gentle canter to a hard gallop, can be imitated.

## The Worst Husband.

But after all the worst husband in the world is not the man who gets mad. The most unhappy man who ever knew was the wife of a man who never got so far in his wrath as to say "I—t," and who was never known to slam a door. The worst thing about him was his meekness. He didn't drink; he didn't gamble, and he didn't run after other women, but he snooped, and he sneaked and he hen-bussed, and if Providence ever spared anything more disagreeable to have around than a hen-hussy man, I never ran across it. This fellow was always on hand to find out just how many bars of soap were used in the family washing and how much sugar was put in rhubarb sauce. He counted out the grains of coffee for each serving and favored dried apple pie. I was at his home once on the fourth of July, when he gave his children ten cents apiece for fireworks and charged it up on their good behavior account.

If I had been obliged to live in the same home with that man I should have accidentally killed him while cleaning my gun.

And yet he never raised his voice nor so much as breathed hard in the whole course of his life.—Chicago Herald.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word-Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Florida Times.

If you praise a man to his wife you may usually notice a look of surprise on her face.—Arlington Globe.

By and by the American Indians will have nothing but mental reservations to stand on.—Pittsburg News.

"Your face is burning." "Yes, that beats Gussie's just been making light of me."—Boston Gazette.

"She—Have you got the 'Heavenly Twins'?" "Clerk—Yes, ma'am. One dollar. She—What for, both?"—Herald.

ONE OF THE GIRLS—So you are wedded to music? He—Oh, dear, no! I am too much in love with it for that.—Life.

If you desire to see a blue blood, hunt him up early in the morning after he has been out all night.—Dallas News.

The way who spends his days trading jokes at the expense of other people must expect some boot.—Galveston News.

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said, "Chloroform."—Sittings.

MR. S.—Well, here we are in another boarding-house. We are regular Arabs." MR. S.—Yes; folding bed-outrills!—Life.

BORLEY—See old Snodson's wife in Box K putting on airs? Snorely—"I'm glad to see that she has put on something!"—Herald.

A PITTSBURGH editor says: "Husbands are not made to order." Will bet he can't convince most wives they are not.—Texas Sittings.

MAUD—"A horse race always excites me. I'm almost in tears every night." DAN—"Why, I thought you would occasionally."—Gotham.

EXPLAINED—Ages—"I wonder what is pulling those trolley cars?" B'Jones—"Why? Have you never heard of wirepulling?"—Herald.

AMY—"Jack, I hear that you are out a great deal of nights now." JACK—"Oh, no. I'm seldom out more than six."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Joy seldom kills a person, but there are thousands of persons who are trying to squeeze the life out of joy every minute of their lives.—Boston Courier.

"MINE is indeed a hard life," sighed the ossified man, with an envious glance at the fat woman, who seemed to be having such a soft time of it.—Buffalo Courier.

DOMESTIC—"Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! I saw a ghost on the back stairs! I'm sure I did! It was a woman!" Mistress—"Horrors! How was it dressed?"—New York Weekly.

MR. GUSHER (a self-satisfied bore)—I can tell just what people are thinking of me. Miss Pert—Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you!—Brooklyn Life.

MRS. BRUE (at the musicale)—"Oh, Mrs. Nutt, I had so much to say to you, and the pianist is through."

Mrs. Nutt—"I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him."—Puck.

HE—"They met at the seaside. Then commenced an acquaintance that would soon have ripened into love. But—She—But what?" He—"They married."—Vogue.

"AN Irish lawyer said to a witness: 'You're a nice fellow, ain't you?'"

Witness replied: "I am, sir; and if I was not on my oath I'd say the same of you."—Oakland Enquirer.

"IT isn't the trouble a man has in meeting his bills that gives him a careworn look," says a philosopher. "It is the trouble he has in dodging them."—Philadelphia Record.

TEACHER—"Now, remember, that in order to become a proficient vocalist you must have patience." Miss Flippins—"Yes; and so must the neighbors."—Washington Star.

"WHY did Priscilla Waldo break her engagement with Johnny Lakeside?" "Johnny wrote a rhyme for the Tatler in which he rhymed Hope with Penelope."—Harper's Bazar.

"I WONDER why Jennie Barrows broke her engagement with Bob Dillard?" "No wonder in that. Lent is over, and Jennie took him only as a penance."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"YOU say you have been in Kansas City. I suppose the place was built almost wholly on bluffs." "I guess it was. There seemed to be blamed little money around."—Buffalo Courier.

"I HEAR your son has become an actor; how is he getting on?" "Very well indeed. He began as a corpse, and now he has already advanced to the role of a ghost."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. CALLAHAN—I want to get a pair of shoes for the little boy. Shopman—French kid? Mrs. C. (indignantly)—Indade not! He's my own son—born an bred near Tammany Hall.—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Figg—What is the reason I never see you playing with Jimmy Briggs any more? Tommy—He ain't got no respect for fashions. He wants to be playin' marbles in top-spinnin' time.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Power of the Camera.

The wonderful power of a photographic camera to bring out details that are invisible to the naked eye was referred to by W. Lewis Fraser in his lecture at the Academy of Fine Arts, and he vouched for a remarkable instance of that kind which recently occurred in New York.

A photograph was taken of one of the new American liners, and on receipt of the proof the owners were surprised to see a handbill pasted on the side of the hull. An examination of the ship showed no handbill there, but another photograph revealed the same result. A more thorough inspection revealed the presence of the mysterious paper buried beneath four coats of paint so completely as to defy the scrutiny of a human eye, except within the closest quarters.—Philadelphia Record.

## HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though Father of the Baby, in Naming It He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, he tried to reject it, says the Chicago Post.

"Make it George William," he said, "William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Bill."

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?" "I don't see why I should."

"Very well," he said as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked:

"How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise.

"Good day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked:

"Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected.

After supper he remarked, sneeringly:

"Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically:

"Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William."

Then he put it in a bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped out to the side and handed the clergyman the envelope.

"Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It's written very plainly 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

## A MAN-OF-WAR ROOSTER.

His Encounter with the Proud Rooster That He Saw in the Brass Ventilator.

Who would think that a rooster could become a great pet on board ship? But on the flagship Chicago, the man-of-war which last spring traveled almost 5,000 miles to get home, for the Columbian naval parade, there was a rooster that was the pet of the men on board ship. He was bought in the West Indies, on the way to Montevideo, and was intended for the Christmas dinner; but his great cheerfulness as shown by his hearty crowing in the most unseasonable weather won him his life.

After his liberty had been given to him and he had become fairly tame he noticed one day another very proud rooster in a polished brass ventilator which stands on the quarter-deck. He immediately put on his proudest air; then, noticing that the other rooster did the same, he stepped closer to inquire, and soon found himself glaring pugnaciously at the other fellow, who seemed quite as defiant as himself. From long habit came to blows, and soon our rooster was indignantly fighting his own reflection. Occasionally he would strike the ventilator a hard blow with his bill and be thrown back much astonished, only to return to the attack when he noticed that his enemy apparently retreated.

This was kept up at intervals for several weeks, until the rooster learned that more hard knocks than glory were to be got by keeping up the feud. Even now, after many months on board, he occasionally renews the attack, but in a half-hearted way, as if he knew he was doing something silly.

His name is Dick, and when there is food ahead he answers to it like a gentleman. At Ensenada, in the Argentine Republic, the Chicago lay alongside the dock in the Grand Canal and Dick was allowed to run on shore and pick up what he could find. He never strayed far from the gangway, and would come proudly strutting back when called on board by one of the men.

He is a very pugnacious bird, and in Ensenada started a fight between a dog and himself. The combat, witnessed by the whole ship's company, while productive of no harm to either side, was an amusing sight, and consisted of dashes at the dog with occasional real blows on the part of the rooster and much barking, and running about on the part of the dog.—St. Nicholas.

## Not Allowed.

"Why did I discharge such an excellent workman?" said a well-known civil engineer. "Well, I will tell you. I discovered a short time ago that he was keeping a private notebook, and after notifying him that he must stop it and again learning that he was continuing the practice I was obliged to discharge him. A surveyor in doing a piece of work makes minutes as he goes along of the lines he runs, of the various points marking the bounds of the lands he is surveying and all such data as is not only necessary for the drawings of his plans, but also incidentally that which may aid him in the case of any other survey being made later on. In fact, this data really constitutes a sort of capital or stock in trade, for if the party owning the land ever wishes another survey of it for any purpose he will naturally apply to that same surveyor, who, having these old memoranda, can do the work easier and more cheaply than any other surveyor. Oftentimes, after many years have elapsed, when the landmarks have passed away, those minutes become very valuable. Consequently a civil engineer always wishes to keep these in his own hands, and men in his employ are not allowed to make copies of minutes of surveys which they make while in his employ. Otherwise an old employee, in leaving and setting up in business for himself, could carry away a large slice of his employer's business."

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